

A  
DESCRIPTION  
OF

<sup>K</sup>  
Hagley, Envil *and the* Leaſowes,

WHEREIN

All the Latin Inſcriptions are tranſlated, and  
every particular Beauty deſcribed.

---

INTERSPERSED

WITH CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

---

“ To build, to plant, whatever you intend,  
“ To rear the column, or the arch to bend,  
“ To ſwell the terras, or to ſink the grot,  
“ In all let Nature never be forgot.”

POPE.

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## Advertisement.

*THE Author of the following Sheets, being sensible of the want of a Description of HAGLEY, ENVIL, and the LEASOWES, three celebrated places in the neighbourhood of BIRMINGHAM, and within the tour of a day, begs leave to offer this as an Agreeable Companion, or Guide, to the parties who visit them.*

*If by taking the utmost care in transcribing the Inscriptions, and rendering the Latin ones into English, for the benefit of those not conversant in that language, and particularly describing the several beauties of these delightful abodes, the Author shall meet with the approbation of the Public, his Design will be fully accomplished.*

A DESCRIP-



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A DISCIPLE



A  
DESCRIPTION, &c.

**A**MONG the pleasures of a country life, Gardening is not only a commendable and recreative amusement, but a pleasing and delightful study; it fills the mind with the most agreeable sensations, it charms the eye, and wherever it is introduced, makes the face of nature smile in elegance and perpetual verdure. — The modern taste universally adopted in the disposition of objects, in parks, and pleasure grounds, is natural, lively, and picturesque: — The designer, attentively cautious of falling into the exploded error, of offending nature, by uniformity, and futile exactness, now robes her in all her own simplicity, and careless dignity; follows her through all her sweet recesses with the dress of fancy—assisted by Genius, he hides her blemishes, and with a graceful hand exposes all her offer'd charms.



Taste depends so much upon good sense, that it is no wonder such execrable blunders shew themselves in the many productions that rise before us, without meaning, beauty, or design. But however dependant taste may be upon what the generality of designers may be strangers to, I can by no means be persuaded to think so much of the latter is required to form even a copious and interesting scenery ; especially where nature hath done her part, in the diversity of hill, valley, and water. ——— I have known a peasant scatter, without design, some beauties round his cot, that, were they to stand within the pale of the first park in England, would be an honor to it. The great difficulty lies chiefly in giving consequence and a striking imagery, to those situations, where nature hath denied her agreeable variety ; here, genius and sense must for ever go hand in hand, or disgrace and contempt will be the inevitable consequence.

Have



Have you a canal to form? look if you can discover any natural stream that meanders in a direct line! — Hills rise not uniformly regular, nor are woods, lawns, rocks, or water, confined to a mathematical exactness. Beauty in gardening is not to be considered by a perfect symmetry, as in a palace; it is composed, and ever delights, in the wildness of fancy, and a sympathizing irregularity; art must never be visible; and every scene distinctly variable; and each so happily blended, or secluded from the other, as to strike the beholder with pleasure and surprize.

This is the grand chain to be observed by the attentive designer; if one link is broken in the most trifling object by wrong judgment, it is of such importance, that the whole may fall into censure, and other beauties be sullied by its deformity.

B

The



The genius of the place must never be neglected; it is the principal object in gardening; and to follow nature implicitly as she leads, is equally as important. The artist, upon consulting these leading maxims, will easily determine where to rear the ample obelisk — his temples will rise on the brows of well sheltered hills, or on the easy sloped lawn, within the umbrage of the hanging grove—his grotts, contemplative and retired, will be saluted by the peaceful lake, or the soothing monotony of the trickling rill — his cascades will be romantically disposed, bold, confused, and artless; his rocks broken, jagged, and misshapen—mellifluous shrubs will scent his more retired walks, where distant objects are not called for, and elegance and beauty will grace the whole. To surprize and please, is the very soul of taste; and whoever is happy enough to accomplish this, has done what the whole art of gardening can dictate to him.

One



One would imagine, among the liberal arts that have flourished in a state of perfection for such a number of years, that the ornamenting of parks, and pleasure grounds, in the genuine taste they now appear, would long before the present æra have rose into the same repute. The Romans, when architecture was in its perfect glory, when palaces in every village stood in such majesty, we do not find their gardens any way remarkable, except for grandeur and a prodigality of expence; nothing pleased but what had the air of greatness; the soft and delightful recesses of nature were despised, rejected; art filled every corner, and nought but the pageantry of magnificence claimed the attention of the people of that great and powerful empire.

The celebrated poets of all ages, in their pastorals, paint the beauties and simplicity of nature in such lively colours, and so invitingly, that it is amaz-



ing no imitative genius sprung up, and exploded the reigning motly whims, by realizing the charming descriptions : how finely, and with what judgment and taste, does Milton sing the beauties of the garden.

————— Thus was this place

A happy rural seat of various view :

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;

Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind

Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,

If true, here only ; and of delicious taste :

Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks

Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,

Or palmy hilloc ; or the flow'ry lap

Of some irriguous valley spread her store,

Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose :

Another side umbrageous grots, and caves

Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine

Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps

Luxuriant ; mean while murm'ring waters fall

Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake

That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd

Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,

Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune

The



The trembling leaves, while universal Pan  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance  
 Led on th' eternal spring.—————

*Par. Lost. Book iv.*

The famous Le Nôtre, who flourished in the reign of William III. was the capital gardener of his time; he was successively employed in the execution of the finest gardens in England and France; and he mangled nature with all that fire of genius, which then was the prevailing mode: his designs were exceeding extensive and powerful, in his way, but surely they were puerile; he never consulted nature, but to rob her of her beauty; and that *rule* and *line* so dangerous to handle was his darling child, whom he ever fondled with the most ridiculous distinction. Long avenues, straight canals, ponds octangular, square and oblong, composed his favourite waters; mounts regular and uniform, naked and unadorned; temples



without shade ; crouds of monkey figures, marked the fine clipped holly, the yew, and the box ; while flaming red gravel gave its assistance, in a thousand methodical zig-zag walks, to dazzle the eyes, as well as scorch the feet, while tracing the dull round of every childish parterre.

What man of taste can behold the studied labour of Hampton or Kensington, without mortification and disgust ! Instead of those delightful scenes which rise from the hand of taste, those scenes which captivate on the first sight, and rivet the attention, he sighs to see nature thus mutilated and torn by the pencil of art : his eyes are every where absorbed in proud expence, and tasteless prodigality ; he looks round him, walks, finds himself still surrounded by a tiresome sameness ; his expectation is wearied out, and he retires unsatisfied and fatigued. But these fantastic whims, these ridiculous fopperies  
in



in the art of gardening, are at length become obsolete; the champions for magnificence and regularity, tho' reluctantly, admit the force of the present elegant taste, and the sight of two or three masterly productions, hath charmed them into conviction.

Among the many justly celebrated places in this kingdom, which have merited a description, none perhaps deserve it more than *Hagley*, *Envil*, and the *Leasowes*. In these places appear almost every beauty the fancy can wish for, or the most refined taste can give; the eye is never hurt by a trifling or uninteresting object, but roves from scene to scene with new delight, and the spectator is charmed into approbation, and an acknowledgment of the merit they are so justly famed for.

I dont know any country that can boast a greater variety, or more enchant-  
ing



ing prospects than appear from every eminence, and every valley, within the vicinity of the above-mentioned places. From *Birmingham*, indeed, for about five or six miles, little appears to confirm that opinion; but the attention of the traveller, is, perhaps, as pleasingly amused by the surprizing populousness and cultivation which appears around him. Industry is every where apparent, and chearfulness and plenty seem to bless the doors of every cot. Even children of both sexes, are seen busily employed, and the tinkling of hammers is the constant music of the road: the vast quantity of nails which are manufactured within the circle of a few miles, is incredible; almost every individual being employed in that branch, except when called from it by the necessity of their attending seed time and harvest.

But the opening country soon calls the attention from the busy face of industry,



dustry, to an endless variety of objects, equally interesting and beautiful. The sudden appearance of a lovely and rich expanse, every way embellished with such a profusion of charms, that the eye knows not where to fix, but wanders among the busy villages, the cultivated fields, and the wood-decked hills, with ineffable delight. Nature from this proud brow \* appears replete with those distinctions, which not only fascinate the eye, but fill the mind with the deepest impressions of the majesty of that power from whence every thing proceeds. It was this happy spot which drew the attention of a *Shenstone*, and to his genius the world is indebted for

## THE LEASOWES.

\* Mucklow Hill.



# THE LEASOWES.

**M**R. *Shenstone*'s merit as a poet, and a man of the most refined taste, is sufficiently known to the world: his poems, particularly his pastorals, evidently confirm him in the first, and the beautiful disposition of the many striking beauties this delightful place affords, justifies him in the latter.

The entrance into these rural scenes from the road leading to Hales Owen, is down a steep gloomy hollow to a gate over-arched with stones, from whence begins

## THE PRIORY WALK.

Through this quiet and sequestered vale the eye is constantly amused by a pleasing variety of objects, equally simple



ple and entertaining: the brawling of a cascade near the foot of the first seat, plunging down a scattered heap of ragged rock and stones, is strikingly conducted; and a sort of stone quarry on the opposite steep hill, covered with trees and bushes, is an agreeable addition to the rudeness of its corresponding parts. On the back of the first seat under the wall of the priory gate, is this inscription,

————— *Lucis habitamus opacis  
Riparumque toras, et prata recentia rivis  
Incolimus.* —————

that is,

————— *Unsettled we remove,  
As pleasure calls from verdant grove to grove,  
Stretch'd on the flow'ry meads, at ease we lie,  
And hear the silver rills run bubbling by.* **PITT.**

The hanging sides of this umbrageous recess are differently varied. That on the  
left



left rises in great beauty ; lofty trees, bushes, and the lively verdure of the turf, adorned with a thousand natural flowers, and the rambling path oblique, within the cool refreshing shade, is truly pleasing ; sometimes the trunk, or root, of a lofty oak, projects into the path ; another, in the very middle of it. This I presume is meant to give it a more perfect air of simplicity ; but a man of the nicest taste may lose himself in aiming at too great a distinction in this respect, and fall into the very error he is so cautious to shun : however pleasing this novelty in the priory walk may be to some, it is certainly absurd and unnatural ; instead of being struck with its simplicity, I see nothing but the most evident affectation of it, and I immediately conclude, the designer, meerly for the sake of the whim, did it at the expence of his better judgment.

The



The opposite side of the dell is left in its natural state, wild, and closely bushed to the bottom, where the mazy current, from the cascade above dropping in abrupt falls, lends its soothing note, till having found a more peaceful haunt in the calm pool below, changes the sylvan scene.

The landscape which starts upon the spectator on approaching the water is exceeding chearful, but not extensive. Hales Owen steeple, a large house, the adjoining fields, and an agreeable peep of Clent hills over the water, enriched by the trees on its steep banks, are collected in this lively picture.

The inscription on the seat here is,

AMICITIA ET MERITIS  
RICARDI GRAVES.

———— Ipsæ te Tityre, pinus

Ipsi te Fontes, ipsa hæc Arbuta vocabunt.



That is,

To the friendship and merit  
Of RICHARD GRAVES.

——— For thee detain'd  
The pines, the shrubs, the bubbling springs com-  
plain'd. WARTON.

The path from hence winds by the  
side of the pond in the most simple  
manner along the lowly dale, where an-  
other dripping rill falls gently in soft mur-  
murs from the higher parts of it, and  
loses itself in the same lake.

On another seat are these lines,

Huc ades, O Melibœe ! caper tibi salvus et hædi ;  
Et si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra.

That is,

——— hither Melibœus haste,  
Safe are thy goat and kids : one idle hour,  
Come waste with me beneath this cooling bow'r.  
WARTON.  
From



From this shady bench the whole of the sequestered valley is taken in ; upon the left in the midst of a rising grove of oaks, feathered with coppice wood and goss, stands the statue of a Faunus playing upon a pipe. This, so finely seen among the trees, has a very agreeable effect, and on the opposite side, an urn in a lone spot adds to its native gloom and solemnity ; this contemplative scene is intirely confined by steep declivities on either side ; lofty trees are thinly dropped about, from the more darkened banks ; and the lovely wood beyond the statue connecting, forms a chearful lawn, gently falling by the foot of the seat and down to the water below.

The inscription on the urn is,

INGENIO, ET AMICITIÆ  
GULIELMI SOMERVILE  
G. S. POSUIT.

Debita spargens lacrimâ favillam  
Vatis amici.



That is,

To the genius and friendship  
Of WILLIAM SOMERVILE

WILLIAM SHENSTONE erected this urn,  
Sprinkling with tears the ashes  
Of his poetical friend.

A little farther within the umbrage of  
a thick set grove of horse chesnuts and  
larches, is

### THE WOOD-HOUSE,

Dedicated to the Earl of Stamford.  
On the entrance of this mossy root seat,  
the spectator is not only struck with sur-  
prise and pleasure at the romantic scene  
before him, but likewise at the genius of  
the designer who could thus from an in-  
significant gutter, call in such beauty and  
invention. A bold artless cascade preci-  
pitately rushes down a rugged mass of  
rocky stones, at least one hundred and  
fifty paces, in a constant succession of  
falls ;



falls ; the fore ground on a rising hillock is studded with tall distinct oaks, and each side the plunging torrent is thickly planted with variety of different shrubby bushes, alders, yews, ashes, spindling among others of a larger growth, whose naked roots half dead and old, left so by the impetuosity of the stream, while others tottering and projecting over it, give the rudest appearance and afford an addition to its simplicity : the interweaving of the branches of the trees above, from whence the foaming water seems to issue, is entirely romantic, and the gloom it throws around tints the dashing current with a peculiar brightness. It is impossible to describe this lovely scene as it deserves ; every spectator is ravished with its inimitable graces, and leaves it with regret.

The stranger will not forget before he retires from this enchanting recess, to take the walk up the path to the first water-fall ; he will find it the rudest, the



most simple, and the most captivating scene, that perhaps was ever formed, even by imagination.

Through an opening of the Woodhouse, the road ranges within the cool shade up the valley before mentioned, among an odd composition of briers, goss, and thorny bushes; whether this is meant to give the place a more perfect air of natural wildness, or, as likely the effect of negligence, it in my opinion offends the eye, and should be considered as a blemish: if we are every where to carry with us, the idea of a farm, as it is meant, it is unpardonable, because slovenliness always reflects disgrace upon the possessor of the land.

A little farther the scene becomes more chearful, by its extending parts being engagingly blended with the stately spreading



spreading trees. A bench here is inscribed to Mr. *Dodsley*.

Come then my friend, thy sylvan taste display,  
Come hear thy Faunus \* tune his rustic lay ;  
Ah ! rather come, and in these dells disown,  
The care of other's strains, and tune thine own.

This circular seat is within a knot of young oaks, and looks down the rural valley, finely wooded on each side, and closed by the grove running down into the bottom.

From this agreeable retreat, the walk gently descends under the sheltering arms of some large beeches, crosses the dale, and precipitately wanders up the other side, to an obscure corner, where another seat has these lines,

— me

\* Alluding to the statue behind the seat.



————— me gelidum nemus,  
 Nympharumque leves cum satyris chori,  
 Sacernant populo—————

That is,

Be mine, amid the breezy grove,  
 In sacred solitude to rove.  
 To see the nymphs and satyrs bound,  
 Light dancing thro' the mazy ground.

FRANCIS.

Here a fine opening amongst the trees, rising and closing the lovely valley, discovers a solitary urn, dedicated to the brother of Mr. *Shenstone*; and a little further is a seat which takes in one of the most picturesque views in the whole farm: it looks immediately down the dell, catching the priory in all its beauty, between the spreading branches of the lofty trees; this building is only a simple cottage, dressed up in the form of a small ruin, which the first generous possessor of the grounds gave, as a calm retreat, to old age, and indigence; it has from hence a most striking appearance, and the bold church-



church-like gothic windows, give it a solemn air, and add a graceful lustre to the groves and fields which surround it. The ground about this place is finely diversified with gentle swells, and deep winding falls; the trees appear dropped by the hand of nature; every object has its charms, and the whole is perfectly pleasing.

The urn is thus inscribed \*.

FRATRI EJUS UNICO,  
FRATRUM AMANTISSIMO,  
JUVENUM SUAVISSIMO,  
HOMINUM INTEGERRIMO.  
MDCCLII.

That is,

To his only brother,  
The most affectionate of brothers,  
The most amiable of youths,  
The most honest of men.

1752.

On

\* The first side is so defaced it is not legible.



On another side,

POSTQUAM TE FATA TULERUNT,  
IPSA PALES AGROS ATQUE IPSE RELIQUIT APOLLO.

That is,

Thee whom the fates in anger snatch'd away,  
Pales, nor Phœbus deign'd a longer stay.

WARTON.

From hence the ascent soon becomes exceeding bold, and the large swelling lawn is a striking object: wearied with many a tiresome step, a pleasing relief is offered by a seat, from whence the prospect is so endearing, that the toil in climbing up to it, is remembered no more. This scene is not so extensive as in the higher parts of the farm; but it is so happily blended with every thing the eye can wish for, that nothing seems wanting to complete it. Brierly Hill Chapel, opposite, about six miles distant, is a strong object; and the rich country round it so surprizingly diversified, with woods, hills, vallies, and houses, that it is impossible to look, and



and not be charmed with its beauties.  
The lines upon this feat are read with  
great pleasure by every one who sees  
them :

Shepherd wouldst thou here obtain  
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain ?  
Joy that suits the rural sphere ?  
Gentle shepherd lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,  
Verdant vales and fountains bright  
Trees that nod on sloping hills,  
Caves that eccho tinkling rills.

If thou canst no charm disclose,  
In the fairest bud that blows ;  
Go ! forsake the plain and fold,  
Join the croud and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy,  
Banish each tumultuous joy  
All but love—for love inspires,  
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine,  
Yet e'er thou the reins resign,  
Hear what reason seems to say,  
Hear attentive, and obey.



“ Crimfon leaves the rofe adorn,  
“ But beneath them lurks a thorn ;  
“ Fair and flow’ry is the brake,  
“ Yet it hides the vengeful fnake.

“ Think not ſhe whoſe empty pride,  
“ Dares the fleecy garb deride ;  
“ Think not ſhe who light and vain,  
“ Scorns the ſheep, can love the ſwain !

“ Artleſs deed and ſimple drefs,  
“ Mark the choſen ſhepherdeſs ;  
“ Thoughts by decency controul’d,  
“ Well conceiv’d and freely told.

“ Senſe that ſhuns each conſcious air,  
“ Wit that falls e’er well aware ;  
“ Gen’rous pity prone to figh,  
“ If her kid, or lambkin die.

“ Let not lucre, let not pride,  
“ Draw thee from ſuch charms aſide ;  
“ Have not thoſe the proper ſphere ?  
“ Gentler paſſions triumph here.

“ See to ſweeten thy repoſe,  
“ The bloſſom buds, the fountain flows,  
“ Lo ! to crown thy healthful board,  
“ All that milk and fruits affords.

“ Seek



" Seek no more the rest is vain,  
 " Pleasure ending soon in pain ;  
 " Anguish lightly gilded o'er,  
 " Close thy wish and seek no more."

Up higher on an elevated mount, a groupe of Scotch firs, with a fancy seat in the middle, gives one of the noblest prospects in the farm: this octangular ~~whim~~ supports a cup, or bowl, inscribed

" To all friends round the WREKIN."

Wellington Wrekin, a huge mountain in Shropshire, appears touching an exceeding distant horison, and the Clent hills, Witchberry wood, and obelisk, over the tops of the trees in the vale, rear their majestic heads: Hales Owen in the midst of the surrounding hills, and the high hanging wood on the right, make from hence a noble appearance, and the whole of the farm is collected in great beauty.

Mr. Shenstone with his friends, often used to dedicate a convivial hour within

D

this



this circle, where the glass flowed with wit and social merriment ; friendship without hypocrisy, and conversation uncontaminated by wretched ribaldry, and noisy folly.

From hence as the hill boldly rises, the prospect becomes more extended : here, on the loftiest eminence of the Farm, stands in a small grove, a very handsome building, called

#### THE GOTHIC ALCOVE.

The same views are collected here, as before, though with some difference ; Clent hills, and the hanging wood are entirely shut out, by a few trees, particularly on the left, which run into the lawn : the objects are innumerable, and afford uncommon pleasure. The home prospect itself, is exceedingly entertaining ; the serpentine river twining along the level of the verdant lawn, which expands itself in a gentle declivity from the foot of  
this



this brow, tufted with small groupings, or single trees, and other objects make it one of the most expressive and lovely scenes imaginable. On the back of the seat are these lines in old black print.

O you that bathe in courtlye Blisse,  
Or toyle in Fortunes giddy spheare ;  
Do not too rashlye deeme amisse,  
Of hym that bides contentid here.

Nor yet disdeign the russet stole,  
Whiche oer each carlesse lymbe he flings;  
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,  
In whiche he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him, if at Eve or dawn,  
Devoyde of worldly cark he stray ;  
Or all besyde some flowerye lawn,  
He waste his innoſenfiv day.

So may he pardonne fraud and stryf,  
If such in publycke haunt he see ;  
For faults there beene in busye lyfe,  
From whiche these peacefull Glennes are free.

The path now descends under the shade of some spreading oaks, to another



seat, comprehending a noble, and delicious prospect. The town, and steeple of Hales Owen church, over the sweeping fields again animate the gay diversity: the Clent hills once more shew their proud brows; the Witchberry wood, with its lofty obelisk, the Priory among the trees, and several large irregular sheets of water in the deep valley, throw such a cheerfulness on the whole, that the eye is never tired in gazing on their charms.

Descending still through a hatch, and passing a common high road, the path bends under a hedge of tall alders to another seat, sheltered by the hanging boughs of a majestic beech, with these lines,

*Hoc erat in votis; modus agri non ita magnus  
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus, jugis aquæ fons  
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque  
Dii melius fecere.*

That is,

I often wish'd I had a farm,  
A decent dwelling, snug and warm;

A garden



A garden, and a spring as pure  
 As crystal, running by my door;  
 Besides a little ancient grove,  
 Where at my leisure I might rove;  
 The gracious Gods to crown my bliss  
 Have granted this, and more than this.

FRANCIS.

Novelty is always pleasing, and the spectator wherever he treads is certain of finding it; not a bench but marks a strong variety, and the genius of the designer. From this seat the scene changes in many respects, but is still extensive, and delightful, claims as much notice, and affords an equal pleasure in its contemplation. A rich lawn spreads itself down to the house, some large trees are dropped about it, and upon the right appears the hanging wood on a steep declivity: one of the Clent hills above the trees on the left is seen in great beauty, as well as some distant mountains more opposite; Hales Owen by some trees running into the lawn, is intirely secluded;



and to give this scene a more simple turn, two or three hay-ricks are scattered about, which, perhaps but seldom observed, are a great addition to its domestic, and pastoral appearance.

From hence the path, in a gentle fall, stretches to another gate, which opens on the outside of the Farm, and discovers a scene totally different from any of the preceding ones : distant objects are no more ; all is shut out but the rugged lofty hills in front rising steeply, and rudely irregular ; this ground irresistibly claims the attention, and it is much to be lamented that Mr. Shenstone was not the proprietor, being so finely formed for a display of his animating pencil : what room for such a genius as his !--how sweetly would he, instead of conducting the path down the hedge side, as it now runs, have guided it round those high hanging hills, sometimes, perhaps, stealing within their deep hollows among a thousand trees,



trees, obscure, and shady, collecting in its mazes, those objects the most distinguishable, from the distant country, and at length, fall into that recess, which now gives every spectator so much pleasure!

The taste of the designer, however, never shewed itself in stronger colours, notwithstanding he was debarred from executing it in the manner he probably would have done, than in the contrast between the above mentioned recess, and the rough uncultivated one preceding it: he very well knew that to surprize, was to please, and to start from one extreme to another, would have the effect he intended: I apprehend it is impossible for any man of taste not to mark this strong exertion of fancy, when he has observed the plainness of the path, even to neglect, by the hedge side, the rude wilderness of alders, ash, and hazles, equally as wild, and finds himself in



## THE LOVERS WALK.

From dull obscurity and gloom, the scene in a moment changes, into cheerfulness, and beauty; not into a staring wild expanse, but to a lovely recess, where one wishes to saunter, to contemplate and to rest. At the foot of the first seat begins a water so chequered with variety, that its form is never to be traced: on one side, a noble clump of beech trees, on the swelling banks of the stream, rear their smooth silver trunks, and their embracing arms, adorned with the most lively green, hanging in the water, is singularly interesting: a small island covered with thin trees, stands solitary in front; and an opening among the branches of some oaks, just lets in a house, over the valley, at about two miles distance: this is very applicably termed the Lovers Walk; all is quiet and serene, save the murmuring of a rill, which soothes, and fills the mind with a pleasing contemplation.

The



The walk continues close by the banks of the water, and waves to another seat, without any inscription, which takes in Hales Owen steeple, in perspective, and the rich rising country beyond, through a light opening of fine branching trees; and a little farther another bench presents itself with these lines.

Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hybla,  
Candidior cyenis hedera formosior albâ,  
Cum primum pasti repetent præsepia tauri,  
Signa tui Corydonis habet te Cura, venito.

That is,

O Galatea! nymph than swans more bright,  
More sweet than thyme, more fair than ivy white,  
When pastur'd herds at evening seek the stall,  
Haste to my arms! nor scorn thy lover's call!

WARTON.

No distant view from hence is taken in. The water again changes its form into a winding rivulet, and at length dwindles into a small stream, which meanders carelessly



carelessly down from the hill above, sometimes in abrupt falls, sometimes smooth, chirping its mazy way, into the body of the pool. The recluse path from hence, gently rises near the margin of the rill, under the umbrage of the copse, and creeps between the thinly scattered trees, some tall and straight, others crooked and old, flanting o'er the babbling current, and quivering in the breeze; all is deep retirement, but chearful; and the urn, which stands in a sequestered solitary angle, adds to the native gloom. This urn is richly gilt, and placed here in remembrance of Miss Dolman, a near relation of Mr. Shenstone's, whom he had a great regard for. It is thus inscribed.

PERAMABILI SUÆ  
CONSOBRINÆ  
M. D.

That is,

To his most amiable Cousin  
M. D.

On



On another side,

AH MARIA!  
PUELLARUM ELEGANTISSIMA  
AH FLORE, VENUSTATIS ABREPTA  
VALE!

HEU QUANTO MINUS EST  
CUM RELIQUIS VERSARI,  
QUAM TUI  
E MEMINISSE.

That is,

Ah Maria!  
The most elegant of maidens :

Alas! snatch'd away in

The bloom of beauty.

Farewel!

How much less pleasure there is in surviving  
than in remembering thee!

The walk now begins to rise, and meets  
with a feat, which looks through an open-  
ing of the copse, to a part of the house  
among the trees; and over it the Clent  
hills in a very pleasing perspective: a  
little



little farther, at the foot of a steep precipice, is another bench, with this line.

“ Divine oblivion of low thoughted care.”

This seat can only be meant as a resting place, or perhaps (more likely) for the purpose of contemplating the strange gothic wildness, that every way surrounds it: the designer was always attentive to the minutest object, and never saw even a tree, which struck his fancy, but he would either call it in, or honour it with a seat, as a mark of his approbation. This place only looks upon the dreary hollow of those bold hills before mentioned, without the precincts of the farm, full of brambles, and a few scattered trees, on its furzy banks.

From hence the ground becomes so exceeding steep, that the path is obliged to be cut zig-zag, along the naked shelving banks, almost in parallel lines, to obviate



obviate the difficulty of climbing the summit. A very welcome seat here, on the highest ridge, offers itself in a delightful shade, where the eye turns again from gloom and melancholy, to the chearful haunts of the living; the sweeping lawn round the house, the house itself, and the *Grange* in the fertile valley, sweetly embosomed by dark lofty pines, are remarkably agreeable; some peeps of water, and the rich rising country beyond, grace the whole, and make it one of those prospects which the eye is never tired in looking at.

On the back of this seat are these lines :

————— hic latis otia fundis  
 Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida tempe,  
 Mugitusque boam, mollesque sub arbore somni ; 11

That is,

Leisure and ease, in groves and cooling vales,  
 Grottos and bubbling brooks and darksome dales ;  
 The lowing oxen, and the bleating sheep,  
 And under branching trees, delicious sleep.

WARTON.

E

The



The shady walk still continues in a very artless manner, boldly rising among the spreading trees, and at length opens to a long vista, terminated by an old dusky building. This pleasing walk, though in a direct line, loses much of its stiffness by the gentle waving of the ground, and is of considerable extent in the midst of the steep hanging wood, solitary, and impervious to the scorching rays of the sun; each side is thickly planted with large trees and coppice wood, finely darkened with hollies and brushy entangled bushes; about the center of this umbrageous avenue, on a small eminence, is a handsome gothic seat, which looks through a glade down the deep declivity, catching a noble sheet of water in the valley, and closes with a lovely view of the Clent Hills, which from hence form two delicious swells, and perfect the scene.

The



The dusky building, which is called

The T E M P L E of P A N,

at the extremity of the vista, only looks  
back upon the walk and has this inscription,

Pan primus calamos cera conjungere plures  
Edocuit; Pan curat oves, oviumque majestros.

That is,

---

—'Twas mighty Pan,  
To join with wax the various reeds began;  
Pan, the great God of all our subject plains,  
Protects and loves the cattle and the swains.

WARTON.

As this part of the Leasowes has been  
reflected upon for a regularity totally  
excluded from every adjoining part of  
the farm, I shall beg leave to ask, how  
this regularity could possibly be avoided?  
The nature of the ground is such, that



had it been otherwise, it would be fantastical and ridiculous : Suppose it had taken a sweep along the ridge up to the gothic feat, which is scarcely practicable, the expence, the labour, and the art, which must have appeared in cutting the walk through the sides of the hill, would have been infinitely more stiff and formal than the straight line itself ; obvious as a deviation from the simplicity which accompanies all the rest may be, the present agreeable level hath its advantages, and capital ones too ; it neither offends the eye, nor lends a farther assistance to tire the limbs, already jaded by the difficulty of climbing to the summit of so steep a precipice.

The path now again precipitately falls down the declivity among trees, and shelving banks, regaining its former simplicity, and the spectator is pleasingly amused, with a total variation from every thing that appeared before. The walk  
passes



passes close under a thick hawthorn hedge, and stretches itself to a seat within the shade of firs, which comprehends the beauty and riches of a grazing farm, interspersed with the finest diversity; every distant object is here shut out, all his sylvan and pastoral. From the foot of this seat the land gently falls, and rises again in a lovely swell, adorn'd with a groupe of firs, and here and there a spreading single elm or ash, decks the intermediate space; this swell forms on the other side of it, a deep narrow valley fringed with trees, shrubby alders and willows; and the bold rising lawn beyond, bounded by wood and detached light groves, with its gothic alcove on a rising lawn over the trees which surround the house, and other cheerful objects, compose the rural prospect.

Such scenes as these, where various groupes of animals are seen feeding on the rich turf, dedicated to the uses of



life, give a pleasing warmth to the idea of the happiness of those who prefer the calm rational pleasure of retirement, and is a strong incentive to every thinking being, who perhaps moves in the gay circle of folly and dissipation, to quit it for these more commendable pursuits, and live as becomes a man, in the laudable exertion of his reason and understanding.

From the next seat in a clump of firs, which is dedicated to Lord Lyttleton, the eye fastens upon three or four falls of water, rushing precipitately among trees down the narrow vale, or dingle, between the swells of the lawn; the fine hanging wood's high front, with its gothic building peeping through the glade, and the vivid fields around, give this situation as much consequence as any before visited. But this scene endearing as it is, is scarcely remembered, when, after passing another seat, without any great variation, the



the stranger finds himself in the delightful mazes of

### VIRGIL'S GROVE.

An exertion of the most lively and poetic fancy, discovers itself in every corner of this romantic and lovely solitude; it exactly marks the mind of the designer, and proves to what extent the power of genius and good sense can arrive.—From the rude and insignificant hollow it once was, arises a thousand charms, and carries with it such an idea of enchantment, that one is ready to think one sees the naiads, fairies and fays in their quick motions, gambol through the recesses of the grove.

The entrance into this delightful retirement, is through a small wicket, where the glimpse of an obelisk on the right first catches the attention; this in a sequestered



questered corner is dedicated to the genius  
of Virgil.

GENIO P. VIRGILII MARONIS  
LAPIS ISTE CUM LUCO,  
SACER. ESTO.

That is

To the genius of Virgil,  
Be this Obelisk, and Grove,  
Dedicated.

Turning to the left, as the path gently  
falls among the trees, a seat appears  
which is inscribed to Mr. Thomson.

CELEBERIMO POETÆ,  
JACOBO THOMSON;  
PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS,  
G. S.

SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine don  
Nam neque me tantum venientis fibilus austru.  
Nec percussa juvant fluctutam litora, nec quæ  
Saxofas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

That



That is,

To the celebrated Poet

JAMES THOMPSON,

Near these fountains which he delighted in,

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

Raised this Seat.

What thanks, what recompence can my weak lay,  
For such exalted strains as thine repay?

Not from fresh whispers of the southern breeze,

Nor gentle dashings of the calmest seas;

Nor from the murm'ring rills such joys I feel,

That gliding down the pebly vallies steal.

WARTON.

From this seat the eye is ravish'd with  
a full view of every object in the grove;  
on the extremity to the left, appears a  
bold cascade, rushing precipitately down  
the rude rock, which forms a small rivulet  
gently gliding, then rushes down a fall  
and divides, forms a small island, again  
unites, and foaming swiftly tumbles down  
another abrupt fall, and looses itself in  
the pool which appears under the arch  
of a bridge of the most simple construc-  
tion;



tion; immediately opposite appears a grotesque dropping fountain starting from the moss-grown crevices of a rude heap of cinders and stones. Down the steep sloping banks, and along the margin of the rill, are dropped stately forest trees promiscuous crouded, mixed with copse wood, thin and tall: these interweave their branches, and their rich foliage affords a chearful gloom, impervious to the sun, except in small openings, where its rays dart through, and throw the most enlivening contrast to the deep shade that reigns within the bosom of this lovely recess.

The path from hence steals to another delicious seat, backed by a large rugged root of a tree, and has these lines.

O let me haunt this peaceful shade,  
Nor let ambition e'er invade  
The tenant of this leafy bow'r,  
That shuns her paths, and flights her pow'r.

Hither



Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies,  
 From social meads, and open skies;  
 Pleas'd, by this rill her course to steer,  
 And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,  
 Forfakes the rivers proud domains;  
 Forfakes the Sun's unwelcome gleam,  
 To lurk within this humble stream:

And sure I hear the Naiad say,  
 " Flow, flow, my stream, this devious way;  
 " Tho' lovely soft thy murmurs are,  
 " Thy waters lovely, cool and fair;  
 " Flow, gentle stream, nor let the vain,  
 " Thy small unfully'd stores disdain;  
 " Nor let the pensive sage repine,  
 " Whose latent course resembles thine."

Notwithstanding this feat is at so trifling a distance from the last, the diversity is admirable! it looks rather down the grove, tho' the cascade on the left is still seen to great advantage; the brisk flowing rivulet changes its form, and rambles  
 in



in careless beauty along the flowery bottom to the calm lake, just perceptible among the spreading arms of the trees, which grace and dignify the swelling banks of the delicious vale; the dropping fountain is entirely excluded, as well as the arch of the bridge: so happily did the designer in every respect vary, dispose, and give beauty to every thing he undertook.

The path from hence abruptly turns along the steep sides, to a seat under a tree, which looks up the grove, and finely takes in the different mazes and falls of the rill. A little below appears the arch, which having passed, a gloomy walk leads to a root-house in a sequestered corner, where the following lines appear so happily adapted to the place.

Here in cool grot and mossy cell,  
 We rural Fays and Fairies dwell;  
 Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,  
 When the pale moon, ascending high,

Darts



Darts through yon lines her quivering beams,  
We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams reflected from the wave,  
Afford the light our revels crave ;  
The turf with daisies broider'd o'er,  
Exceeds we wot the Parian floor ;  
Nor yet for artful strains we call,  
But listen to the waters fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,  
Be sure your bosoms be serene ;  
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,  
Devoid of all that poisons life ;  
And much it 'vails you in their place,  
To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favour'd bow'rs,  
Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flow'rs ;  
So may your path, with sweets abound !  
So may your couch with rest be crown'd :  
But harm betide the wayward swain,  
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane.

From this rural cell, the walk winds  
back again to the dropping fountain,  
which is whimsical and pretty ; and a lit-

F

tle



tle farther, in a shady spot, where a thousand natural flowers grace the dappled carpet, is a bench with this inscription

Sweet Naiad in this crystal wave,  
 Thy beauteous limbs with freedom lave;  
 By friendly shades encompass'd fly,  
 The rude approach of vulgar eye;  
 Yet grant the courteous and the kind,  
 To trace thy footsteps unconfin'd;  
 And grant the Swain thy charms to see,  
 Who form'd these friendly shades for thee.

R. DODSLEY.

The whole of the Grove from this inviting seat is full of scenery; the trees which rise on the opposite steep declivity, from the margin of the placid brook, which here appears unbroken with a fall, are dropped in the most agreeable simplicity and confusion; and though the great cascade is secluded by the projecting banks, its roaring distinctly marks its vicinity, and sooths the ear, while the delighted eye rambles with the smooth gliding  
 ing



ing current, twining among the tall trees, and spindling underwood----or fastens upon other beauties which every way croud into the view.

From hence the path takes a solitary turn to the roaring cascade, plunging down the rock, in bold luxuriance, near which is a Chalybeate spring; and on a square stone over it, is

FONS FERRUGINEUS  
DIVA QUÆ SECESSU ISTO  
FRUI CONSEDIT  
SALUTI. S.

That is,

The Chalybeate spring,  
Sacred to the Goddess of Health  
In this Recess.

And upon the bank, which rises steeply from hence, appears another seat on the back of the cascade, which looks over a



crystal pond, fringed with bushes and trees, into the green rising fields above : this bench is thus inscribed,

Claudite jam rivos pueri sat prati biberunt.

That is,

————— The streams restrain,  
Enough the floods have drench'd the thirsty plain.

WARTON.

The scene now changes to an open lawn, where the path waves up to the house and shrubbery, laid out in taste, and agreeably bushed by clumps of evergreens and flowering shrubs ; a small lawn in the midst, has a statue of Venus, well executed, and the pedestal gives us these beautiful lines:

“ Semi educta Venus.”

To Venus, Venus here retir'd

My sober vows I pay :

Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,

The bold, the pert, the gay.

Not



Not her whose amorous leer prevail'd  
 To bribe the Phrygian boy ;  
 Not her who clad in armour, fail'd  
 To save disastrous Troy.

Fresh rising from the foamy tide,  
 She every bosom warms ;  
 While half withdrawn she seems to hide,  
 And half reveals her charms.

Learn hence ye boastful sons of taste,  
 Who plan the rural shade ;  
 Learn hence to shun the vicious waste  
 Of pomp, at large display'd.

Let coy reserve with cost unite,  
 To grace your wood or field ;  
 No ray obtrusive pall the sight,  
 In ought you paint or build.

And far be driven the sumptuous glare  
 Of gold, from British groves ;  
 And far the meretricious air,  
 Of China's vain alcoves.



'Tis bashful beauty ever twines,  
 The most coercive chain ;  
 'Tis she that sovereign rule declines,  
 Who best deserves to reign.

The house stands remarkably pleasant on the brow of this delightful lawn, which spreads itself into the groves, and boldly sweeps in the front, down the valley, where Hales Owen makes a very agreeable appearance, and the Clent hills always beautiful, with numberless other objects, make it the most lovely situation imaginable.

The glory of the Leasowes chiefly consists in its simplicity ; and this is preserved in such purity, that every trace of art is totally hid from the most discerning eye. Mr. Shenstone always implicitly adhered to Nature ; a man of his nice judgment and taste, could never deviate from that leading principle ; he was sensible if he  
 did,



did, that the noblest design would become contemptible; and perhaps, it may be owing to this, that he never chose to introduce a tree, but what was vernacular to the place. Indeed, when we consider the Leafowes as a Farm only, it would be taking too great a liberty, to throw into it those extragenious plants or trees, which (tho' not here) are a real ornament to a garden: — it would entirely ruin the intention, spoil the whole of its simplicity, and cast a gloomy shade o'er all its beauties. The rose, the althea, or the hypericum, which so sweetly become a shrubbery, would disgrace the simple banks of the Leafowes; a plain cowslip, a primrose, or a kingcup, in those recesses, is infinitely beyond the tulip, the carnation, or the auricula; in short these delightful scenes, will never lose their reputation, so long as no rude hand, attempts to deform them, by introducing a more elegant dress, as they may call it, than that



that plain, simple one, Mr. Shenstone \* left it in.

Where-

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\* This Gentleman died in the year 1763, and lies interred in Hales Owen church-yard. A very handsome urn is placed in the west end of the church, to his memory, thus inscribed :

#### E P I T A P H.

Whoe'er thou art, with reverence tread  
 These sacred mansions of the dead.—  
 Not that the monumental bust  
 Or sumptuous tomb HERE guards the dust  
 Of rich or great: (Let wealth, rank, birth,  
 Sleep undistinguish'd in the earth ;)  
 This simple urn records a name  
 That shines with more exalted fame.  
 Reader ! if genius, taste refin'd,  
 A native elegance of mind ;  
 If virtue, science, manly sense ;  
 If wit, that never gave offence ;  
 The clearest head, the tenderest heart,  
 In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part ;  
 Ah ! smite thy breast, and drop a tear,  
 For, know, THY Shenstone's dust lies here.



Wherever Nature offers such a gay diversity as surrounds this country, it is a temptation for every resident gentleman to adorn his habitation, and lay it open to the beauties of the prospect. Many of these are seen from the brow of every hill in the ride from hence to Hagley, which is exceedingly pleasant and agreeable; the country never loses its bold appearance; hill and valley succeed each other, every where rich, and so happily cultivated, that not a spot is seen but smiles by the hand of industry in the gayest verdure; even the lofty summit of Clent is dressed in the same vivid robe, and gives sustenance to those herds of sheep, which are constantly seen browsing along its ample sides.

The delightful hill which looks upon the Witchberry plantations, the noble obelisk, the Grecian temple, and the endless expanse beyond, is truly great: but to the glory of the scene, on the declivity  
sweeping



sweeping down the opposite side, appear  
the lofty woods, and lawns, of

the beauty of the prospect. Many of  
the hills are seen from the brow of every hill  
in the ride from Harewood to Hagley, which  
is exceedingly pleasant and agreeable; the  
country never loses its bold appearance;  
hill and valley succeed each other, every  
where rich, and so happily cultivated, that  
not a spot is seen but smiles by the hand  
of industry in the gayest verdure; even  
the lofty summit of Olton is dressed in the  
rich herbage of sheep, which are constantly  
seen browsing along its ample sides.

The delightful hill which looks upon the  
Whitbury plantation, the noble obelisk,  
the Grecian temple, and the endless ex-  
panse beyond, is truly great: but to  
the glory of the scene, on the declivity  
sweeping



## H A G L E Y.

**T**HIS celebrated park is situated on the north west side of the Clent hills, and ranges down to the road leading to Bromsgrove and Stourbridge in Worcestershire. An easy winding avenue of spreading limes, and other trees, leads for a considerable distance, to the noble mansion; which at length bursts upon the stranger, in all its glory: grandeur in this modern pile, is supported by simplicity; a proof that true elegance, needs not the aid of superfluous ornament.

The rooms are happily disposed, and adorned with rich cieling-pieces and cornices; the paintings, numerous and well chosen, in many of which, Vandyke, and other capital masters, shew their inimitable pencils; the whole is furnished with great taste and judgment, every way becoming



coming the well known character of the noble possessor.

The entrance into this princely habitation is up a grand flight of steps, where in the Hall, the lovers of sculpture will find a pleasing amusement.

Over the chimney-place in stucco.

Pan courting Diana, with the offering of a fleece of goat's hair ; after a picture of Carlo Maratti ; by Vapili.

Medallions, and other ornaments ; by the same.

Stone work of the chimney ; by Lovell.

Statues in Seaglione, copied at Florence from the antique in the great Duke's gallery.

Six antique busts, and two by Risback, viz. the heads of Rubens, and Vandyke : —that on the right hand from the door, next to Mercury, is Vandyke.

SALOON.



S A L O O N.

On each side the door from the hall.

Hay, lord Carlisle, full length ; by Vandyke.

Countess of Portland ; by the same.

Next the Chimney.

The marriage of Neptune and Cybele.  
An emblematical picture of the mixture of earth, and water, producing plenty.—The human figures are by Rubens.

Over the Chimney.

The royal family of Charles the first ;  
by Vandyke.

Over the Door.

Charles the first ; by old Stone. And  
over the opposite door his queen.—It is  
doubtful whether this be an original by  
Vandyke, or a copy by Jervise, at the sale  
of whose pictures it was bought.

G

Opposite



Opposite the Chimney.

Venus reconciled to Psyche; by Titian.  
Next to that Jacob and his family journeying; by Giacomo Bassano.

### DRAWING ROOM.

Ceiling; by Cipriani.

Flora scattering flowers, with zephyr about her in the air.

At the four corners, the seasons represented by Cupids.

Over the Chimney.

Lord Bath; by Ramsay.

Lord Cobham, and lord Chesterfield by Vanlo:—That on the right is lord Cobham.

Over the door next the windows.

Mr. H. Pelham; by Shakelton.

Lord Hardwicke; by Ramsay.

GALLERY.



G A L L E R Y.

On each side looking into the park.

The princess of Orange, mother to king William ; by Gerrard Huntorst.

Sir Thomas Clifford, afterwards lord treasurer ; by old Stone.

On each side of the south windows.

Oliver Cromwell, with Sir Peter Temple ; a copy by Jervise, from the original in the Rich family, into which his daughter married.

Lady Barrymore with her page ; by Lely.

Over the door from the drawing room.

The countess of Bedford ; by Vandyke.

On the right hand of this, Sir Christopher Minnes, an admiral, killed in one of the Dutch wars ; by Zoest, a Dutch painter.

On the left hand, Miss Brown, sister to Sir George Brown ; by Lely.



Next to Miss Brown, the duke of Monmouth ; by Lely.

Next to this, the countess of Suffolk ; by the same.

Over the chimney.

A virgin and child —It is doubted whether this be an original, or a copy from Vandyke, by old Stone.

On the left of the chimney, the countess of Southeske, and lord Brounker ; by Lely.

Next to lord Brounker, on the other side of the pillar, the countess of Exeter ; by Vandyke.

Over the door into the parlour.

Miss Stuart, afterwards duchess of Richmond ; by Lely, or Greenhill, Lely's best scholar.

Next to this, sir William Fairfax ; by old Stone.

On



On the right hand of the west window  
looking into the country.

Lady Lyttelton, daughter of sir W.  
Fairfax, and first wife to sir Charles Lyt-  
telton ; by Lely.

On the left hand, sir Charles Lyttelton,  
grandfather, to lord Lyttelton ; by Riley.

Opposite to the door into the parlour.

The duchess of Buckingham, daugh-  
ter to lord Fairfax ; by Vandyke.

Next to her, John Lyttelton, grand-  
father to sir Charles ; by Zuccaro.

## P A R L O U R.

Over the chimney.

Lord keeper Lyttelton ; by Wright.

On the right hand of this, admiral  
West ; on the left, admiral Smith ; both  
by Wilton.

Over the door on that side of the room,  
Dr. Charles Lyttelton, bishop of Carlisle ;  
by Ramsey.



Miss Mary Temple, afterwards lady Molesworth; by Kneller.

Over the door next to the windows, sir Thomas Lyttelton, Bart. son to sir Charles; by Wilson.

His mother; by Dole, a bad likeness.

Opposite to the beaufet, a full length of judge Lyttelton, author of the book of tenures, commented upon by lord Coke. This was copied from a picture in the Middle Temple Hall, taken from a painted glass in the window of Frankley church.

On each side of this, Mr. William Lyttelton, Governor of Jamaica, &c. by Wilson; and Miss Hester Lyttelton, afterwards Mrs. Fitzmaurice; by Robinson.

Under these two; Landscapes by Zucarelli.

Opposite to Mr. William Lyttelton, sir Richard Lyttelton, knight of the bath, &c. by Pompeo Battoni.

Under this, a landscape, taking in a part of a villa near Rome, where Pastor

Fido



Fido was first acted ; by Wilfon ; who drew the picture of fir Thomas Lyttelton, and the two admirals---different from the Wilfon who drew that of governor Lyttelton.

L I B R A R Y.

Over the chimney:

Pope, with his dog Bounce ; by Richardson.

Over the door from the hall.

Gilbert West, Esq; painter unknown.

Over the opposite door.

Thomson ; by Ackman.

The marble busts of Milton, Shakespeare, Spencer, and Dryden; were made by Sheenmaker, and left by Mr. Pope at his death to lord Lyttelton.

DRESSING



DRESSING ROOM, next to the library.

Over the chimney.

Mr. Henry Lyttelton, son to sir Charles,  
when a child; by Greenhill.

Next to the chimney.

Upper picture, William prince of Orange, the founder of the Dutch commonwealth; by Mirevelt.

Under picture, sir Alexander Temple;  
by Cornelius Johnson.

Over the door into the bed-chamber.

The queen of Bohemia, by Johnson.

Next to her on the right side of the window; upper picture, sir Robert Stainmore; by Gerrard Huntorst.

Under picture, lady Crumpton, wife of sir Thomas Crumpton; by Cornelius Johnson.

On the left side of the window.

Upper picture, prince Maurice, when young; by Dobson. Under



Under picture, lady Paget, mother to lady Crumpton ; by Cornelius Johnson.

Next to prince Maurice, on the side of the window, opposite to the chimney.

Upper picture, Ferdinando Lyttleton, brother to sir Charles ; by Zoenst.

Under picture, — Meriel, daughter to sir Thomas Bromley, lord high chancellor of England, and wife to John Lyttelton, sir Charles's Grandfather ; by C. Johnson.

On the other side of the window.

Upper picture, sir Edward Carew ; by old Stone.

Under picture, sir Thomas Vere ; by Rubens's master.

Over the door from the library.

Sir John Lyttelton, ann. dom. 1557 ; by Zuccaro.

On each side of him, sir Thomas Lyttelton, knight and bart. father to sir Charles ;



Charles ; by Van Somer.—And his wife,  
the daughter of fir Thomas Crumpton ;  
by Cornelius Johnson.

Under these, a landscape by Wotton ;  
and a sea-piece by Charles W. Bamfylde,  
Esq.

### SCARLET BED CHAMBER.

Over the chimney.

The dutchess of Portsmouth, painted  
after the death of Charles the II ; by Le  
Fevre, a French painter.

Over the two doors.

Lord Lyttelton ; by Reynolds.

Lucy, his first wife ; by Williams—a  
bad likeness.

### GREEN BED CHAMBER.

Over the chimney.

A dead Christ, and the three Maries ;  
by Vandyke.

On



On the side of the chimney, next the bed.

Yachts at sea; by Stork, master of  
Vandervelt.

A lady unknown; by Lely.

A landscape; by old Greffier; being a  
view of the Rhine.

Over the door into the dressing room.

A view of the rocks at Persfield.

Over the door opposite the window.

A view of Tintern Abbey, near that  
place.

Over the door next the chimney.

A view of a part of Milford Haven by  
moon light.

DRESSING ROOM next to the Saloon.

On the side next to the bed chamber.

A lady unknown; by Lely.

A landscape, by Wooton.

A land-



A landscape on the same subject as the Arcadia of Nicholas Poupier, but differently treated ; by Cipriani.

Pompey's head brought to Cesar ; by Dr. Wall, a learned physician, and a self-taught painter.

Opposite to the window.

Upper pictures ; sir Henry Lyttelton, brother to sir Charles ; by Greenhill.

His first wife, daughter of Thomas Cary, second son of Robert, earl of Monmouth.

Under pictures, an Alto relievo on a ruin in the Borgheze gardens at Rome ; by Viviano.

A battle piece by Wike.

The triumph of Bacchus a drawing ; by Cipriani.

Over the chimney.

A boy, in the character of a young Bacchus ; by Dobson.

David,



David with the head of Goliah ; copied from Guido ; by Jorden of Antwerp.

A Dutch market-woman, with a hen ; by Blocknart.

A lady unknown ; by Gerard Hunthurst.

Miniatures ; by Peter Oliver Cooper, and others.

Over the doors.

King Charles the IId; by a painter unknown.

His Queen ; by Houseman.

Near the door into the saloon.

A perspective of a church ; by a painter unknown.

A Dutch bag-piper, and company ; by Brughall.

A drawing ; by — Bamfield, Esq.

This noble house stands upon an easy rising spot, in the midst of a capacious lawn, on the north of which (rather confined) are the offices, village, and kitchen

H

garden,



garden ; all very judiciously covered by a shrubbery, elegant and pleasing, mixed with fine ever-greens and large spreading limes ; this totally excludes every object which would offend the eye, from every point of view, throughout the whole of this lovely park.

The garden front of the house exhibits a prospect so amazingly rich, that the eye of every spectator is ravished with its appearance. Immediately opposite at a considerable distance, on the brow of a lawn, inexpressibly beautiful, stands a light column, backed by a noble grove, which falls upon the right, and seemingly connects itself with the trees that envelope the church. Large single oaks, and others in groupes from hence, grace the lawn, which now again extends itself in ample swells to the noble wood, which fringes the outside of the park on that side, yet affords an amusing view, over their tallest heads, to a part of the Clent hills, bold, high, and picturesque. On



On the left of the column, the grove steals down the descent, just far enough to make it stand in the midst of a crescent; while another small grove, relieved from the body of the wood, lets in, on the higher extremity of the hill, a clump of Scotch firs; the lawn then falls, forms a rich vale, and again sweeps up the stately hill of Witchberry. Though this fine ground is not within the pale of the park, its contiguity (being only separated from the great road which is entirely secluded) gives it the same appearance, and is intimately connected with the beauties of the rest. These grounds are adorned in the most lively taste imaginable: Upon the first brow appears the noble portico of the Temple of Theseus, backed by a deep, dark, plantation of firs; running down to the foot of the hill, affording it the finest grace. On the left of this, on a yet higher swell, proudly stands the obelisk, rearing its ample head; and behind that a



venerable grove of old oaks, stretches down into the vale below, and confines the charming prospect.

Leaving the house, the first object worthy of observation, is,

### THE PARISH CHURCH;

A small gothic building, entirely surrounded by trees, and its tower thickly covered with ivy : the inside is exceedingly neat, and the chancel windows are richly adorned with stained glass : this is a modern production, but whether equal to the antient method, whose beauty yet appears unfulled in most of the cathedrals, time will best discover. Here are several monuments, among which, that erected to the memory of Lucinda Lyttelton, my lord's first lady, claims our notice, by its inscription being wrote by his lordship's own pencil.

Made



Made to engage all hearts and charm all eyes,  
 Meek, tho' magnanimous, tho' witty, wife;  
 Polite, as she in courts had ever been,  
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen.  
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,  
 With gentlest female tenderness combin'd;  
 Her speech was the melodious voice of love;  
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;  
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,  
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong.  
 Her form, each beauty of her mind express'd;  
 Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

From the church, a narrow path, by  
 the side of a small pebbly chirping rill,  
 leads along the lawn, to a rude, solitary  
 hollow, seemingly marked so by some vio-  
 lent concussion of nature. The abrupt,  
 steep, and hanging banks, devoid of ver-  
 dure, large rocky stones, as if rent from  
 the bowels of the earth, and the naked  
 roots of old trees, promiscuous, tottering,  
 hollow, impending; and the dashing cas-  
 cade among massy stones and burnt cin-  
 ders, strike the mind, and add to the wild-  
 ness of the scene.



This place, though perhaps but cursorily attended to, is capital;—and no one part of the park, shews a stronger exertion of genius. This, the attentive spectator will acknowledge, when, after climbing a bank of a few yards, he finds himself in an instant, transported from gloom and melancholy, into the roseate bowers of paradise. Adventitious scenes are always delightful, and more so where they are introduced to give a striking contrast: here it is strongly marked, and plainly indicates the intention of the preceding rough, uncultivated recess: the design has its desired effect, the lovely view from the palladian bridge above is rendered more delectable.

### THE ALCOVE,

Which this bridge supports, is a chearful, light building, modelled by the hand of fancy, and has this inscription:

Viri-



————— Viridantia Tempe,  
 Tempe, quæ sylvæ cingunt super-impedentes.

That is,

Delightful vales ! with constant verdure crown'd,  
 Where flow the rills, and shading trees surround.

ANON.

With what attention and pleasure does the spectator look from this happy seat, up the enchanting vista, to the terminating rotunda ! what does he not even *feel*, when he sees the playing cascade gush, from the mossy rock, in different falls, down the embosomed vale ; when he marks the stately spreading trees, on the impending banks, bend their luxuriant arms to kiss the undulating stream ;— while the melody of the thrush, the black-bird, and a thousand different warblers, give their wild notes, to make it still more delightful ! — he stands in rapture, he gazes, contemplates, and, with reluctance, quits the elysian scene.

Keeping



Keeping the left hand of the water, by the hanging sides of the verdant shady banks, a portico, on the summit of an opening lawn, embosomed by firs, and deeply wooded on either side, is remarkably attractive. A small wicket now leads into the environs of

### THE GROTTO,

Through a gloomy sequestered range of trees, thick set with various sorts, deciduous and evergreen. The first bench under a shady oak, of surprizing magnitude, gives the most agreeable idea of this sweet recess; the steep, abrupt banks, covered with moss, shrubs, and simple flowers, have a very pleasing effect, and is introduced with great judgment. Bare earth is never seen to any advantage, but in rude, uncultivated scenes, and as it is impossible for grass to flourish in places where the sun can scarce ever throw its beams, moss is the only carpet, and is always lively in the most gloomy recesses.

The



The path from hence steals into the bottom of this rural solitude, where several grotesque stone alcoves, or seats, covered with moss, and surrounded by clumps of laurels, make a lively appearance. In one of these appear the following lines :

————— Ego laudo ruris amæni,  
Rivos et musco circumlita fæxa nemusque.

That is,

I joy to sit where streams meand'ring rove,  
O'er plains, and moss-grown rocks, and thro' the grove.

ANON.

The finest description would but wrong the enchanting beauties of this delicious retreat.—Though greatly indebted to art, it is most happily hid : Nature in this blissful abode, lives in all her gay simplicity ; and it is here, and indeed in every place, where the noble designer shews the strength of his taste and judgment.

How sweetly stands on one hand in a grotesque niche, the naked, conscious  
Venus,



Venus, as emerging from the water ! while tufted mounts of shrubs, and mellifluous flowers, deck the moss-grown banks on the other !—the gushing cascade too, from the opposite rock, rudely decorated with large glassy cinders, and huge stones, edged, and darkened, by the hanging branches of large forest trees, strike the mind with unspeakable pleasure ; while the trickling current taught to meander in little falls, loses itself among the laurels of the enchanting vale.—Here, methinks, the villain would forget his murderous intentions, and every passion which disturbs the human breast, be lulled into a peaceful slumber.

Wherever art becomes essential in the forming of a romantic scene, the great object is to hide that art in the arms of nature ; and here, except in the seats, which never can be totally excluded, every thing appears as simple and artless as the imagination can wish for ; this shews an  
evident



evident necessity of good sense and taste being linked together, where such scenes as these are chiefly to rise by the hand of art.—One cannot leave this sweet habitation of the sylvan deities without regret, the mind imbibes such a pleasing serenity from the contemplation of its beauties, that one is ready to wish to be fixed within its peaceful bounds for life, far from the noisy bustle of dissipation, and endless folly.

Evergreens are so beautiful, and give such importance, as well to the lofty hill, as to the deep recess, that they never can be too much admired. I remember I was once in this lovely grot, so happily distinguished by them, in one of the winter months, and found its appearance then equally as ravishing as in the summer. The morning was perfectly charming; the sun, unobstructed by a cloud, shone in the gayest lustre; the wind ruffled not a spray; all was hushed, serene: the foliage of the surrounding laurels, smiling in the  
liveliest



liveliest verdure, intermixing, and over arched, by the leafless arms of the stately grove, luxuriently powdered by the hoar frost, made it, with the icicles hanging in a thousand grotesque forms, from the interstices of the moss-grown rocks, inexpressibly delightful.—To render the scene still more enchanting, a lonely red-breast (not uncommon) warbled his winter note in all the gaiety of the spring.

From a bench, under another majestic oak, after rising the declivity of this embosomed recess, an opening discovers a portico, supported by rustic pillars, on a steep ascent, surrounded by the noblest grove in the park; and still pursuing the winding path, under the shade of spacious trees, interspersed with a multitude of smaller ones, an urn shews itself on a bank within the bosom of the vale, looking down a piece of water, bounded every way by the woods dedicated

To



To the Memory of  
 WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;  
 In whose verses,  
 Were all the natural graces,  
 And in whose manners  
 Was all the amiable simplicity  
 Of pastoral poetry,  
 With the sweet tenderness  
 Of the elegiac.

Turning from hence to the left, on the  
 sides of a deep glen full of coppice trees,  
 and others, the Rotunda appears to great  
 advantage, upon a brow furrounded by  
 lawn, and tall trees, dropped irregular,  
 single, or in groupes; and this beautiful  
 object in the midst, has a charming effect.  
 The rural walk still leads along the shady  
 sides of the solitary dell, and upon the  
 back of a seat, under the branches of a  
 noble oak, are these lines :

Inter cuncta leges, et precunctabere doctos,  
 Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum,  
 Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum,  
 Quid pure tranquillet, honos, an dulce lucellum  
 An secretum iter, et fallentis semita Vitæ.

I

That



That is,

Consult the wisdom of each page,  
 Enquire of every scienc'd sage,  
 How you may glide with gentle ease,  
 Adown the current of your days;  
 What may the force of care suspend,  
 And make you to yourself a friend;  
 Whether the tranquil mind and pure,  
 Honours, or wealth, our blifs secure;  
 Or down through life unknown to stray,  
 Where lonely leads the silent way.

FRANCIS.

The path now crosses the deep glen,  
 and leads to the favourite spot of one of  
 the greatest of geniuses, and first of Eng-  
 lish poets. It is a chearful, copious, ir-  
 regular lawn, furrounded entirely by rich  
 hanging woods. Mr. Pope, who had the  
 honor of an intimate acquaintanee with  
 his lordship, was always delighted with  
 the situation of this quiet and sequestered  
 recess: he used to call it his favourite  
 ground; and it is here his noble friend  
 has



has erected an urn, as a monument to his  
memory, with this inscription :

A L E X A N D R O P O P E .

Poetarum Anglicanorum

Elegantissimo Dulcissimoque

Vitiorum Castigatori Acerrimo

Sapientiæ Doctori Suavissimo

Sacra Esto.

Ann. Dom. 1744.

That is,

Sacred to the memory

Of A L E X A N D E R P O P E .

The most elegant and harmonious

Of English Poets ;

The severest satyrift of vice,

And the most agreeable teacher of wisdom.

Ann. Dom. 1744.

From this charming recess, the ascent  
becomes bold and steep, but not disagree-  
ably so ; winding among the stately trees,  
where the busy rook, in security, caws his  
rural note ; a ruin displays itself in great  
beauty, and the Clent hills, rearing their



fir-decked heads above, crown the striking landscape.

Upon the first sight of

### THE R U I N,

One cannot help being struck with its appearance, and lament that the mouldering power of time, should thus wantonly destroy it. But on a nearer approach up the steep hill, we find it a useful modern structure, built for a keeper's lodge, and so disposed, as to make it a capital object from the several seats in the park, calculated in some measure to let it in.

This venerable pile is very judiciously situated on a bold eminence, and commands, particularly from the top of one of the turrets which is left entire, a noble and unbounded prospect. To keep the design in its purity, the massy stones which have tumbled from the ruinous walls, are suffered to lie about the different parts of  
the



the building in the most neglected confusion : this agreeably preserves its intention as a ruin, and the climbing ivy which already begins to embrace the walls with its gloomy arms, will soon throw a deeper solemnity over the whole, and make it carry the strongest face of antiquity.

It is seldom that the park beyond this place is visited ; though there is a very handsome gothic seat near the extremity, from which a delightful prospect is collected from the woods, the ruin, and the distant country. The attention of the spectator is rather taken up with the sight of the Clent hills, which here rise majestically before him ; and though rather difficult to climb, it is seldom but curiosity prevails, and he is amply repaid, by the amazing expanse and variety of the distant objects which every way surround him. In a thin atmosphere, the black mountains, and the round hill near Radnor in Wales, are distinctly visible, tho' at



least sixty or seventy miles distant. Malvern hills, the Wrekin, and other mountains, skirt the horizon; while towns, villages, and gentlemens' seats, deck the rich vallies, which spread themselves to an amazing distance.

From the ruin, a bold and spacious lawn, in some places covered with fern, precipitately falls on each side; but in front of the building, stretches itself into easy swells, then plunges into the woods, through which, in some places, the ranging country is seen in perspective. The path leads from hence close to the foot of the Clent hills, and without the spectator, chuses to visit the extremity of the park, which, as I observed before, was seldom done, he pursues the walk to the right, which is truly rural and contemplative. A seat in the midst of it, adorned with shells, affords a most pleasing view into the opposite woods, and has this inscription in the same fancy.

SEDES



SEDES CONTEMPLATIONIS.

OMNIA VANITAS.

That is,

The seat of contemplation.

All is vanity.

Through this obscure and agreeable retirement, where every object is shut out by the lovely grove, and its appendant groupes, chequering the hanging sides of the deep vale, the walk leads to

THE HERMITAGE.

This place is formed with clumps of wood, and jagged roots of old trees, carelessly thrown together, and the interstices are simply filled up with various kinds of moss ; the floor is neatly paved with small pebbles, and a sort of couch goes round, covered with a mat. Every thing about it carries the face of poverty, and a contempt of the vain superfluities of life, fit for the supposed inhabitant, who despises  
the



the follies of the world, and devotes his hours to religious solitude.

Not a recess in the whole park is more to be desired than this ; the constant melody of birds, perching unseen, within the rich foliage of the finest groves in the world—the boldness of the ground, the deep-formed vales, whose embellished sides, and sometimes bottoms, of chesnuts, elms, and oaks, rise graceful to the sight ; together with the calm, undisturbed repose which hovers round it, throws the mind into a contemplation, equally serious and affecting.

Within the Hermitage are those celebrated lines from the *Il Penseroso* of Milton :

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful Hermitage ;  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heav'n doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew ;

Till



Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures melancholy give  
 And I with thee will chuse to live.

There appear from the door of this mossy apartment, two views in perspective agreeably blended with the closeness of the others: one very prettily catches a range of country *over* the spreading boughs of the fronting trees, and the other *under* them. Little fancies of this sort, in places so solitary, where they do not expose the situation, but only tincture the surrounding gloom with a ray of cheerfulness, are very justifiable.

The ground from hence falls precipitately to some ponds of water; and the delightful trees which every where accompany the swelling, irregular, and shelving banks, are remarkably fine. Through this vale the path steals, and winds at last abruptly, up an exceeding steep



steep hill, round a grove of oaks, thick planted, but not feathered to the bottom, to several benches which take in the country in the most agreeable diversity, between the stems of the trees. Upon the summit of this bold hill the walk waves on a very desirable level, and at length falls to that celebrated seat, which opens to the eye the loveliest of prospects. Here we find the following lines, very applicably taken from the fifth book of Paradise Lost.

These are thy glorious works, parent of good,  
 Almighty ! thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wond'rous fair ; thyself how wond'rous then !  
 Unspeakable, who sits above the heavens,  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

The situation of this shady eminence, affords the most ravishing views, and insensibly leads the mind into reflections of the great harmony and beauty of nature. The ample lawn sweeping from this gay  
 brow



brow into the lovely vale below, embosomed and fringed by the noblest trees that ever graced the turf, surrounds, enriches, and shews the house in all its elegance. A finer foreground cannot be imagined to distant scenes, where nature seems to have studied to lavish her beauties in the most wanton profusion: Lofty hills crowned with woods, twining meadows, and fertile fields.—Nor is wanting, the dark brown heath, woodlands, and rich enclosures, to diversify the whole; while the hoary Welch mountains, touch the far distant skies, and terminate the striking view.

Instead of pursuing the path which leads down towards the house, you retire into the 'umbrageous grove, where the scene from the first seat is changed from a wide-extended country, full of a thousand different objects, to a rich and delightful garden, animated by gay variety and rural magnificence. From this seat a copious

ous



ous lawn gently sweeps down into the vale, crouded on every side by the towering wood, and fills the bottom with its spreading arms; and over the plumes of its foliage, appears another rising lawn, on the verge of which is seen, Thomson's seat, finely fringed on each side and behind by stately trees. The temple of Theseus over these, on a more elevated brow, among rich plantations of firs, stretching up the hill, and the graceful obelisk, on a lawn above that, closed behind by the Witchberry wood, are the objects collected in this enchanting place. I apprehend every spectator who treads the elysian walks of Hagley park, cannot but be pleasingly struck at the rich view before him, and acknowledge it the most elegant picture that ever was drawn by the pencil of taste.

In advancing a few paces to another bench from this place, the face of every thing changes again. No buildings are  
seen;



seen ; all is shut out by the closing of the woods, except one opening over the branches of the trees, which looks immediately upon a clump of firs on the left of the Witchberry hill, and the stupendous Wrekin at about thirty miles distant.

The same shady path leads along to the doric portico, supported by rustic pillars, on the summit of an exceeding steep lawn which runs into the opposite grove, and is every way confined by the same ; in the valley beneath a small pond of water glistens through the trees, and round a sturdy old oak covered with ivy, is a bench which affords several agreeable peeps ; this portico is called

### POPE'S BUILDING,

thus inscribed,

K

QUIETI



## QUIETI ET MUSIS.

To Quiet and the Muses.

The situation of this lovely recess is such as never fails inspiring a secret pleasure. Thomson's seat is again brought into the chearful picture, over the branches of luxuriant horse-chestnuts and other trees ; the obelisk and the Witchberry wood, and part of the fir-plantation have a fine effect, but the Grecian Temple is excluded.

From hence, keeping to the left, the walk becomes if possible more rural, takes a shady turn among the noble surrounding trees, and precipitately falls to another extensive opening, which affords a pleasing variety ; all is pastoral, plain and simple. Clent Hills again rise in the scene, full in front, crowned with a fir clump in perspective beauty, and Pope's urn under the trees at some distance on the side of the lawn is caught  
in



in peculiar grace : a little further it drops into a solitary glen—rude, irregular and gloomy ; the bench in the midst of it looks up the hollow filled with trees, some old, some with exposed roots, others dead ; but the most striking part of this amusing scene, is the several trickling rills which find their course down the steep shelving sides, shaded by thin coppice wood and large ashes. The obscurity and the soothing note of these dribbling currents, mark it for contemplation : one knows not when to leave it ; the novelty pleases, and pleasure flows from its retired and peaceful bowers.

On the back of this shady seat appear the following verses,

LIBET JACERE MODO SUB ANTIQUÆ ILICE

MODO IN TENACI GRAMINE :

LABUNTER ALTIS INTERIM RIVIS AQUÆ

QUÆRUNTUR IN SYLVIS AVES ;

FONTESQUE LYMPHIS OBSTREPUNT MANANTEBUS

SOMNIUS QUOD INVITET LEVES.



That is,

Now on the verdant grass beneath the shade  
Of antient oaks, our wearied limbs are laid :  
While in full streams the waters glide along,  
And birds in woods pour forth the plaintive song ;  
Now by some fountain, murm'ring as it flows,  
Devoid of care indulge in soft repose.

ANON.

Striking through this sequestered glen,  
the path rises up its opposite side, and  
winds among variety of noble trees, in-  
terpersed on the lawn, to

### The R O T U N D A,

an exceeding handsome building, stand-  
ing on a rising swell : here the eye fastens  
on the same delicious vista, back to the  
before-mentioned alcove, but totally dif-  
fers from the appearance it has at that  
building. Instead of the cascades which  
gush from the different reservoirs unseen  
in the vale, and give the scene there such  
charms,



charms, from hence those still transparent reservoirs are visible in the midst of the avenue; these, and the alcove which terminates the view, afford a fine lustre to its embosomed sides, and compleat the beautiful picture.

This building seems to be erected meerly as an object to adorn the vista, no other point being remarkable; indeed when we turn our eyes upon the wild art of the park, which from hence is taken in, it serves as a contrast to the magnificence and beauty of its corresponding parts; and from a bench just behind, a most delightful view looks full upon it, taking in a handsome gothic seat, the Clent hill, the ruin and the woods.

The walk from this graceful dome winds in a wild careless manner, among straggling trees and deep glens, ragged, rude and steep, into a large body of



lawn, where a small bench under an oak, gives a picturesque view of the wood, and takes in the *Ruin*, most romantically over its branching arms: a little farther the path ranges close by the pale of the park, through a formal avenue of elms, by the neat vicarage-house, the noble wood always in sight, and remarkably great, to

### THOMSON'S SEAT,

elegantly built in an octangular form, and his lordship, who loved and did every thing in his power to shew his friendship to the poet, erected this temple to his memory, thus inscribed

INGENIO IMMORTALI

JACOBI THOMSON;

POETÆ SUBLIMIS;

VIRI BONI,

ÆDICULAM HANC, IN SECESSU, QUEM

VIRUS DILEXIT,

POST



POST MORTEM EJUS CONSTRUCTAM  
DICAT DEDICATQUE  
GEORGIUS LYTTTELTON.

That is,

To the immortal genius  
OF JAMES THOMSON,

A sublime poet ;

A good man ;

This temple (built after his death) in that recess

Which when living he delighted in,

Is erected and dedicated,

By GEORGE LYTTTELTON,

The view from this charming recess,  
which gives beauty to so many others in  
the park, very justly claims the attention  
of the spectator, and was the favourite  
spot of the above-mentioned gentleman.  
The gently sloping lawn expands itself  
and falls into the deep darkened grove,  
rising in all its pride up the declivity of  
the opposite hill ; where, in the midst,  
Pope's building, over the vivid foliage of  
the



the lower part of the wood, mingles in the rich scene; and higher on the left, one of the Clent hills at a considerable distance, adorned with a groupe of firs, closes the view on that side, and the stupendous hills of Malvern, from an opening of the grove, at least twenty miles distant, terminate it on the other.

From hence the path bends on the right within the shade to

### The C O L U M N,

on which stands an elegant statue of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of his present Majesty, executed in a masterly manner.

This pillar is erected upon a delicious eminence, skirted by the most beautiful grove imaginable; while the dark ample firs behind, mingling with the lighter tint of the other trees, give it an agreeable richness,



richness, and add a higher lustre to the building. I don't remember to have seen a more chearful enlivening prospect, than appears from this lovely brow; the verdure of the sweeping lawns, the inexpressible richness of the spreading trees, the beauty of the house, and the luxuriant uninterrupted expanse beyond it, affords at once, one of the most splendid, diversified scenes, the eye can wish for, or nature can give.

Down from this spot, which calls in so many beauties, the path leads again to the alcove already described, and runs into that which takes to the house.

Whether this delightful place be considered as a garden or a park, or both, its beauties every way correspond, and every scene is conducted with the strongest marks of a lively fancy and delicate taste. The elegance of its buildings, happily arranged in every point of view, throw a graceful lustre upon the whole; but



but nothing appears gaudy or trifling ; nor is it loaded with a superfluity : an error often fallen into, which gives more disgust than a total suppression of them.

A park gives great latitude to a man of taste ; beautiful objects are absolutely necessary, and should be carelessly thrown about, where proper places demand them, with a liberal hand. The Witchberry hills in their natural state were delightful ; that and their proximity to the park, caught the eye of the designer ; they called for embellishment, and when the plantations, the Grecian temple, and the obelisk rose upon their brows, who can dispute their being rendered infinitely more so ? They formerly were overlooked, but now claim the deepest attention, and are visited with pleasure by every one who rambles through these charming recesses.

Were



Were I to presume to think any thing exceptionable in this enchanting park, it would be the cropping of some of the laurels in the grotto, and the confined extent of lawn on the north-side of the house: but when these trifles come to be considered, we find a strong necessity for both.—Were the laurels suffered to take the freedom of their growth and luxuriance, the beautiful vista from the alcove would be obstructed, and the house lose great conveniencies by being situated at a farther distance from the offices. Upon the whole, it is but impertinence to point out a blemish; every part has so much merit; every scene so connected, and engagingly blended together, that it may justly vie, (if not claim a preheminance) with the most celebrated places in this kingdom for taste, elegance and beauty.

A man never wants for amusement, whichever way he turns in this rich and pleasant country; every mile affords variety,



riety, and his eye is constantly filled with a succession of interesting objects.

The town of Stourbridge, so eminent for its glass manufactory, which gives employment to thousands, lies in the way of this agreeable tour, and affords a pleasing hour to a stranger, who never saw the curious art of forming that delicate ware into its various uses. This branch of trade extends itself to other towns in the neighbourhood, and even the country for several miles, particularly on the Dudley road, is a continued street, filled with inhabitants and industry.

From this town we turn to the left, and ride over an extensive chearful common, which falls into a rich valley at Sturpony, where the navigable cut from the Trent lately executed, runs through and falls into the Severn at the mouth of the river Stour: the country about here is delicious; but soon after a gloomy dark desert spreads itself, even to the foot of the ranging hills of

E N V I L.



## E N V I L \*.

Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed  
The milky heifer and deserving steed.

POPE.

**T**H E entrance into these extensive and delightful grounds, immediately prepossesses the mind in their favour, and leads the spectator to imagine he shall meet with numberless charms in the ramble through those hanging woods, which appear so rich and inviting.

An easy winding path, from a gate near the offices, strikes through a level and extensive lawn, decorated with lofty trees, promiscuously scattered on either side, to a neat lively building, called

## The B O A T - H O U S E.

L Here

\* The Seat of the Earl of Stamford, in Staffordshire.



Here is a striking proof of the necessity of every designer, carrying in his eye those improvements which the minutest places require: a more important effect never rose from a trifle than appears from this place, and that only by erecting this building on a gentle elevation. The stranger without suspicion or expectation of the least change, from the rural simplicity that surrounds him, pleasing himself with the view of those lofty crowned hills, those rich lawns, and other objects, in a moment, when he mounts the quick swell, stands amazed at the luxuriance of the opening scene. To surprise, as I observed before, is the soul of taste; and here is a noble example of that observation.

A large circuitous sheet of water extends itself over an ample body of ground in the midst of a thousand natural beauties which beggar description. At the farthest extent of the water, sweeping  
up



up a valley, appears a bold cascade, gushing fiercely from three distinct falls among rocks, broken, ragged and bold; evergreens are tufted artlessly about the foaming current, which give the water a more lively brightness, and strengthen the gloom that surrounds it. Above this well-designed cascade, in the midst of a noble ascent, covered with a thick wood, appears a chapel; and, more on the left, the farm-house, both of which, peeping among the trees, have a pleasing effect. From hence, still farther on the left, the scene becomes more open; the lawn spreads and rises gently up to a grove and single detached trees. This bounds the view that way, and affords a beautiful contrast to the other side more gay and animated.

Those noble woods that grace the opposite hills steal down their gay sides, clad in the sweetest verdure, then sweep between the deep vales up again to a large



building, called the Gothic Gateway, backed by a rich grove of firs, from whence the ample lawn precipitately falls to the water's edge, and stretches itself towards the house, till, caught by farther woods, it is lost in them, and closes the lovely scene.

The Boat-house, from whence so many beauties are collected, is an octangular building, prettily adorned within by festoons of flowers and medallions in stucco: A large window which opens to the water, ornamented with painted glass, in whimsical groupes of grotesque figures, is entertaining; but this stained glass, agreeable as it is, excludes a landscape before it, in my opinion, infinitely more interesting.

A thick, close plantation of evergreens from this delicate summer-house, happily hides the art which very seldom can be avoided in the forming of a piece of water. A dam, where-ever it appears, is in every



every respect odious ; and there is but one way of making it in any shape tolerable, and that by close interwoven shrubs and trees.

The path from hence winds under these sheltering pines, on the margin of the pool, and strikes into the lawn before noticed ; but in its progression catches it in several places to a greater advantage, as well as the groves which adorn the brow, and runs into the vale below. The front of the house makes an object of from hence over the water ; and a little farther, a small wicket leads into a neat shrubbery on the banks of the cascade, which are abrupt, steep, and broken ; in some places perpendicular ; worn so, by the plunging of the water, and the driving of the current from one fall to another. Any attempt of art to impede the water from forming these whirlpools, as they may be called, by confining or forcing them into any other shape, is ridiculous ;



culous; because all the efforts in the world, will never throw it into so pleasing a figure, as that which nature gives it.

From a small seat in the bosom of this retirement is seen the boat-house, over the shining lake, and through the laurels of the shrubbery, which fringe its steep sloping banks; this is caught to great advantage, and gives a lively colouring to the rural landscape. I never sit here but I think of those beautiful lines of Thompson.

Beside the dewy borders let me sit,  
All in the freshness of the humid air;  
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,  
An ample chair moss lin'd, and over head  
By flow'ring umbrage shaded.

This is a most agreeable recess; but I imagine would be rendered full as desirable and contemplative, were its banks more shaded, particularly on the opposite side, by the darkest evergreens, as these places



places can never be too much secluded or solitary. The twist a little higher, between the bold falls of the cascade, is natural and expressive; and the simple single plank bridge, tho' perhaps not much observed, is one of the prettiest ornaments of the place.

The shady walk from this rural spot, winds precipitately by some ponds of water into a wild uncultivated copse; the contrast is extremely striking, and the scene becomes intirely pastoral, by taking in the farm house, and the adjoining fields, full of cows and sheep; these and the deep dingle, overspread with alders, and hazles, is no contemptible acquisition to grace this plain and humble picture.

I cannot help observing, as we are now upon the only ground within the whole domain, where more striking beauties, both to give pleasure and to employ the genius of the designer may be collected,  
that



that the path which climbs up the hill to the right, partly opposite the last waterfall, passes by the deep hanging sides of a ranging valley—a valley so happily filled with the finest trees and under-wood, so formed by nature for the hand of taste to display itself, that I am amazed, (the genius of the place being so obvious) that it never caught the eye of the designer, and was put in execution.

I think I may presume to say, that this retired and umbrageous dell, by collecting the water, which now dribbles a long its bottom, teaching it to drop in broken and abrupt falls, or in some places smooth, as fancy guides, and leading a path carelessly along, sometimes upon its brow, at others dipping into the deepest hollow, where proper places may demand a grotesque seat, or any other decoration—that not even the celebrated environs of the grotto of Hagley, or the fascina-



fascinating Virgil's Grove of the Leafows, would eclipse the beauties which might be made to appear in this delightful vale. It would be a continued scene of the most enchanting nature, and if conducted similar to the taste shewn about the cascades, even from thence, shutting out every distant object and confining it to its own charms, which would every where shew themselves, be distinguished as one of the most copious and pleasing recesses that ever graced a park.

The path which leads near the farmhouse, strikes up the hill to the out-side of the copse, where a seat, very judiciously placed, commands a free and extensive prospect. The dark brown desert appears sweeping along the bottom, on the right of the rich plantation of firs, filling the valley with its dark rich plumes, while Kinver church, the unweildy ridge of hills, and the grotesque rock underneath,



neath, with an endless range of woods, mountains, commons, churches and houses, delightfully diversify the whole, and give it the most engaging consequence.

The ascent now becomes steep and turns again into the wood, where soon after appears

### The CHAPEL.

This building is dedicated to the late Mr. Shenstone, meerly as I imagine from the great similitude the views from this place have to several of those of the Leasowes. The gloom, the deep surrounding falls, closely embraced by a wilderness of copse and large forest trees, thinly scattered in the front, is truly wild. Here the windows are very judiciously ornamented with painted glass; throwing an air of solemnity over it, and perfectly answering to the solitary gloom which



which hovers about it: the principal objects from hence are the boat-house and the water straggling up the deep vale, glistening between the trunks of the lofty trees on the steep brow of the hill, and over the tops of others, with a beautiful range of country beyond in perspective. This scene is so delicious, so connected, and so sweetly blended, that it is impossible for any one to look and not to admire it.

Hence through the bosom of the wood, the close shady path leads to a seat under the spreading branches of a noble oak, looking upon the bold swell of an opening lawn, where the rotunda, every way surrounded by the dark umbrageous forest, stands uncommonly graceful. The forest here is so interwoven with its under wood of hazles, and other bushes so connected and so thick, that scarce a sunbeam ever cheers the solitary way.

The



The woods on this side at length, after rising another hill, steep and amazingly rich in trees, open to a lovely and chearful down, extending itself in the gayest diversity. This is called the Sheep-walk, and the numerous groupes of those animals feeding and browsing on the flowry turf, give a pleasing reflection to every one who visits these sylvan scenes. This charming down, which adds a lustre to the delightful walks of Envil, affords innumerable objects equally entertaining: the eye is never tired in roving from one point to another; every one varies, and every one reflects a beauty on the other.

In the midst of this large rich tract of ground, dedicated to the uses of life as well as pleasure, is a building called

#### The SHEPHERD's LODGE.

Built in the gothic taste, and stands on an elevated spot, catching, at one view,



view, over the woods, and on every side, a most unbounded prospect. One of the rooms of this house is decorated with shades of his lordship's family and friends in profile; this has a whimsical appearance, and the likenesses are so exact, that every one acquainted with the living objects, immediately know and point them out. The other room is adorned with prints, chiefly perspective views of the most celebrated places, stuck on the naked walls; and the sides of the stair-case are rudely covered with old ballads and Christmas carols. The simplicity of such ornaments are entirely correspondent with the place, and to the shepherd swain who is supposed to inhabit it.

This 'delightful down lies extremely bold and open, falls on each side precipitately, and keeps an easy level in the middle; various clumps of firs decorate its brow, and single trees in other places afford a shade, in the parching heats of

M the



the summer months, to the panting flocks. Kinver church and ridge of hills, with its romantic rock underneath, are finely marked.—Here the black desert in the adjoining valley is secluded by the woods, and nothing is seen but a rich cultivated country, interspersed with great variety. Malvern hills and the Wrekin, the town of Bridgnorth, great part of Shropshire, Worcestershire and Staffordshire, and some of the Welch mountains, dignify the noble prospect.

Upon entering the woods again, down the steep sides of the hill, the path winds carelessly to

### The R O T U N D A.

This is an exceeding handsome light building, much resembling that at Hagley, and is agreeably situated upon a bold eminence; the falling ground and the fine hanging woods, which adorn the swelling



swelling sides; divested of its under-  
 wood, give it an engaging consequence :  
 the tower of Kinver church, a very in-  
 different object, is unfortunately let in  
 by a glade, cut through the opposite  
 rising grove ; by this a greater beauty is  
 destroyed to look at a much less, meerly  
 for the sake of a distant object, which  
 was not at all required from this place.  
 I am afraid the face of this noble wood,  
 though the glade is newly planted to fill  
 it up again, will not very soon regain its  
 pristine beauty : It is a very just obser-  
 vation, that young trees seldom flourish  
 among old ones ; for my part I know  
 no instance of it, at least it is very rare,  
 and where they do, for a number of years,  
 the deformity is very visible ; but fortu-  
 nately for this place, I found (upon a  
 nearer inspection) the forest trees younger  
 than I expected, and consequently a few  
 years will unite them again. The per-  
 spective from this building is exceeding  
 pleasing,



pleasing, and calls in a range of country equally entertaining and chearful.

From hence the wood is not so connected, but a little farther it is again closely embraced as before, and the path resumes its former solitariness and gloom, winding down the steep hill, and then opens to

### The PORTICO.

A building supported by rustic pillars, looking down a concave narrow valley, deep and delightfully wooded on its rising banks ; over the plantations, which shut in this vale, is seen in the center of a distant and diversified horizon, Sedgely steeple, at about nine miles distant.

Through this portico the walk takes a range up the still surrounding forest, sequestered and gloomy, to a small opening of lawn, where an urn without any inscription



inscription presents itself, and marks the calm retirement of the place. From hence the declivity becomes so steep that the path is obliged to be cut almost in parallel lines to gain the bottom; when after exploring still the confines of these capacious woods, the eye, at length, which perhaps wanted variety, fastens upon

### The C O T T A G E.

Whether it is the name, or whether it is the simplicity which commonly surrounds the dwelling of indigence, or rather from the fables we have read of the supposed happiness that live within its doors, is a matter of no consequence; a cottage, properly situated within the precincts of an extensive park or pleasure grounds, is an object which always strikes the fancy and fills the mind with a pleasing contemplation. No one of this sort I think has a juster claim, from



situation, to be admired than this, so delightfully distinguished within the mingled gloom of high surrounding woods, and chearful vallies.

A small circular lawn shut up every way by the hanging groves, opens in front of this humble thatched dwelling; and a menagere on each side the house filled with great variety of extraneous birds of the gayest plumage, give such a pleasing turn to this rural sequestered place, that one knows not when to leave it.

The path winds round this lonely recess, and enters into the finest ground imaginable, where turning to the left, a large irregular sheet of water shews itself glistening among the trees; and from a bridge of the most simple construction, even to rudeness, is seen a cascade gushing from a ragged heap of bricks, stones, and cinders.

From



From the bridge, which leads over the current of the water-fall, the ground takes a lovely sweep on every side, and the path which now looks again into different compartments of the wood, meets with a feat opening to another extensive lawn, chequered with water and delightfully fringed by trees, on the hanging sides of a deep valley. On the left more open, Envil church, upon an eminence, is a great object ; it enriches the fore ground, and gives a consequence to the ranging hills, which touch the clouds at a very great distance.

These noble woods, which here terminate, are joined by a shrubbery, whose broad gravel walk gently falls among the choicest evergreens, and gives several very judicious openings on one side, to catch the fine views resulting from the high-hanging woods, and the other, close to a common highway, without the precincts of the walks, the country is entirely secluded.



[ed. The gothic gateway, as we advance nearer to the body of the shrubbery, has a bold appearance, and the woods from hence are exceeding striking; particularly where a large battlement peeps over the rich foliage of its extending arms.

A building, as we advance into the more pleasing and diversified part of the shrubbery, catches the attention, called

#### The BILLIARD-ROOM.

This is a stately gothic edifice, which does honour to the projector, and is extremely well executed. Its inside is richly adorned with stucco, the cieling remarkably so; at one end, in a niche, is a bust of Homer; and the opposite a Cicero. A billiard-table and a chamber-organ are the furniture of this noble room, which unfortunately is, at present, no object from any part of the walks, except from the gothic gateway. The ground about this building



building is laid out in a pretty taste, and in one of its fine shorn lawns a vase, curiously and richly ornamented with groupes of figures in bas relievo, is beheld with pleasure by every one who sees it.

The delightful walks of Envil are so extensive and entertaining, that even a day is too short to go through them. Indeed there is a *Riding* round the extremity of the grounds, cut, as a glade, through the woods for the purpose of enjoying them in a carriage. This may be agreeable to some, and permission is given, by the noble proprietor, to the visiting parties to take the advantage of it : but this liberty is of no consequence to a man of taste ; he will never suffer himself to be confined in a vehicle in the midst of so many surrounding beauties, where almost every step varies the scene, and where every variation is picturesque and new. Too great an attention cannot be paid to places where Nature and taste have sprinkled so many charms :



charms ; there are several delightful recesses in the woods, and many points from whence are collected more pleasing prospects, than, perhaps, appear from the several selected from the seats where the path immediately leads to ; and these will be easily found by those who sigh not on approaching a steep hill, and who take a pleasure in the contemplation of such quiet and amusing scenes.

There is one or two in particular which I cannot help mentioning. It will be remembered, that the path, after winding round the grass plot of the cottage, enters into the fine ground before noticed, when, instead of pursuing it to the left, as the spectator is commonly lead, he will mount the gay hill to the right, not forgetting to observe the *portico* as he passes, so finely embosomed by the grove ; and soon after, among the sheltering pines on its brow, he will find himself at

The



## The GOTHIC GATEWAY.

This is a large sumptuous building; the middle part composing a noble arch with a sort of port cullice, and each wing an alcove, from whence the eye is ravished with the most delectable views: that on the right commands a very extensive range of country, but its chiefest objects are collected from the lovely lawns, falling and rising in wanton diversity; the water in the sweeping valley in different lakes; the boat-house and the far-stretched plantations of the dark umbrageous fir. The taste shewn here is exceeding expressive and strong, and is indisputably one of the most amusing scenes in the whole range of the place.

The other wing takes in the same variety; a fine distant country, water, woods; and, to add to its consequence, the billiard-room, shaded by the rich dark pines  
of



of the shrubbery, is seen from hence in great beauty.

Envil is so different from Hagley, that to oppose one against the other, would be ridiculous. Hagley is a park, Envil a farm. But Hagley in spite of all its lovely appendages, in one respect must give the palm to Envil: that beautiful water which constitutes the glory of the latter, can never be equalled in the same manner by the former; and it must be confessed, though the woods of Envil have not the charms which dignify those of Hagley, time and an exertion of taste, may render them equally as important. The latter now flourishes in all its bewitching pride; scarce a tree even to its underwood but is a century old; others perhaps two or three, branching in the most striking luxuriance: the former is in its infancy and may one day, I doubt not, flourish in the same glory.

But,



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But, as I observed before, these places totally differ—one is an elegant park, enriched by the hand of genius in all the luxuriance of fancy; the other rather like the Leasowes, and dedicated more to the common uses of life, which is very commendable; yet when we consider it as the residence of an opulent nobleman, that sort of simplicity, however pleasing, does not strike as it does in the grounds of a plain country gentleman: we expect, when we approach a palace, to see it surrounded with correspondent graces; to rise in splendor, but at the same time to be confined like Hagley, within the limits of true and genuine taste.

Nature very profusely spreads her charms at Envil for this purpose; and however pleasing it may be at present, I doubt not, whenever the design is executed, which I am informed is in agitation, of building a noble mansion, and throwing a large part of the domain into a park,  
that



that whoever visits these recesses, when that undertaking is accomplished, will find Envil like its neighbour Hagley, one of the most delightful places in Britain.



